

SARGE PLUNKETT.

Greatest Hope For the Future of the South Lies in Her Agriculture.

Reaching out for opportunities to develop, capture and appropriate seems to be the spirit that possesses the world.

With all this restless desire to discover new opportunities the human mind of the day seems bent upon the idea that all that is good lies ahead. There seems to be too little thought given to discover what is right at our doors in our very midst, and especially does this apply to the people of the South and to the opportunities that lie concealed here. There are no conditions in Georgia that should excite our people for a restlessness to go West or East or anywhere in search of better lands or more promising opportunities. My greatest hope for the future of the South lies in her agriculture, and the nearest road to reach that prosperity lies in having men of money and brains to turn their attention in this direction. The soil of the South used to produce in such abundance till it was a seeming land of "milk and honey"—anyhow, all old people know that it was a land of wonderful abundance. To get back to this wonderful abundance I would say to those men capable of great enterprises to cease their strain on experimental and uncertain lines:

Come join your brains with our hardy sons of toil, And watch the generous yield of Southern soil. It only craves from laggard sons a touch To yield the same today and just as much.

If men of brains and capital will turn their attention to agriculture in the South we will soon have a satisfied people and a land of such abundance that there would be no more restless search for new fields of endeavor. Give up the planning of great enterprises at least till you have brought agriculture in the South to where it should be. It is now time to plan the making of next year's crops. It is not sufficient that men almost beggars drift into the country seeking work. We want people capable of forming great syndicates in the interest of farming, just as such syndicates are formed for other pursuits and other developments.

Farmers are now sowing wheat, and the great majority of them are bounding and skimming it in with little old "shooters" that bounce at every cack and clog and skime at every bunch of crab grass. The need is for men capable and with capital to harness up teams with something more than a pair of traces and a backband, and to provide implements sufficient to put in the grain as it is in other countries. If the people out in the States so much bragged on were to try to farm as the average Georgian tries, they would starve to death without a doubt. The implements on a farm in the Western States represent a greater investment than land, improvements, stock and everything here in the South. There must be an improvement in our methods here of farming, and there must be greater effort at making country homes more inviting, the matter of social contact. The loneliness that attacks to a majority tenant homes must be relieved. It will take such a revolution in our present methods to accomplish these things that it were idle to think of it without a greater amount and a different handling of money. I wish that Georgia had a few men in her agriculture as Mr. Morgan is in railroading, know it might be unpopular for a while with some, but I believe that it combines in farming, just as capital is combined in other pursuits, the South's great need. It is now the season for the preparations that will go to make the crop of 1904, and is the greatest interest that concerns Georgia and the South.

Many people are disposed to concede that the great abundance that existed here in the South before the war was owing to slavery. The truth is that poverty is slavery and capital master in all lands and all the time, as much so as the slavery of the South and the negro. Slavery then is a concentration of capital and it is an intelligent directing with power of discipline. Capitalists with the ability could direct and discipline agriculture now just as it was in the days of slavery, and then there would be the same great abundance, but a man without means cannot direct the labor that must now be depended upon. The average farmer of today has to let his labor into remaining on the farm and there is mighty little profit a man who has to be pestered to work. In this day and time the question of a day-day pays a very important part. It is not one farmer in ten who can meet the demands of these daily or even monthly pay-days and

so the farm hands hie away to the public works. If we could get a few such men as form syndicates in other pursuits to turn their attention to farming they could so systematize the thing and direct the labor that there would be found such dividends that in a few years there would be a grand rush for agriculture. The negro cost just about as much in slavery as the hired man does now, but he was directed intelligently and so came the abundance of the old South.

The truth is that it is a wonder how the South has succeeded as well as it has. The old masters gave way after the war and a general demoralization took possession. Some poor widows and broken down soldiers remained and fought a greater fight for the cause of agriculture than they had fought under Lee, but with all that these accomplished and with all the praise they deserve the seeds of demoralized labor and the want of capital has been with us and it will still remain until the brains and money of the land concentrate on farming just as it does concentrate in other pursuits.

I do wish that all the people of the South could see the need of this great combination of capital in the interest of agriculture. A considerable prejudice yet remains against such a combination, but I am sure that no such prejudice would remain when the work of combining had once shown its advantage. As for these men of capital, they, I think, would find sweet relief in their work of farming. There will be no need for staying awake at night uneasy about how "futures" or stocks or anything will be at the next tick of the telegraph. As you sleep your crops will grow, your flocks increase and the older the land the happier the people. So may it be, is my wish for the future.

Sarge Plunkett.

No Need For Worry.

They were engaged. She did not know very much about him, of course; but she knew that she loved him, and that was enough. Her great fear, says Philadelphia Ledger, was she wouldn't please his people.

"I know that you love me dear, but will your people like me? I want them to like me for your sake, and I am awfully afraid they won't."

"There's no occasion to worry about that, darling."

"But I do worry, dearest; they may not see me with your eyes, and it will be just terrible if they disapprove of me."

"How could anybody disapprove of you? I'm sure nobody could."

"It's very sweet of you to say that; but I'm still worried for fear that I may not be quite the girl that your relatives would have picked out for you."

"I think I am quite old enough to decide such matters for myself."

"To be sure you are, but for all that it would be awfully humiliating to me if I were found waiting in the eyes of your people. It might make trouble for you, and they might cast you off."

"Oh, I guess there won't be any trouble about it."

"I am glad you feel so hopeful, dear; that is if you are hopeful, and are not talking just to cheer me up."

"I'm perfectly sincere, darling, and know that my people will not cause you any trouble."

"But when am I to see them? I hate to meet them, and yet I long to have the trial over. When is the meeting to be?"

"Not for some time yet, I hope. You will have to wait and meet them in heaven. I am an orphan, and have not a relative living."

In Its Proper Place.

Prof. Thomas O. Mendenhall, of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute, while traveling in Ohio several years ago, called at the district school which as a boy, he had attended, says the Boston Post.

They asked him at the school to make a few remarks. He assented and began to talk to the children in a direct fashion, trying to interest them from the start.

"Did any of you," he said, "ever see an elephant's skin?"

A boy held up his hand and wriggled excitedly.

"Well," said Prof. Mendenhall to him.

"I have," said the boy.

"Where did you see it?" the professor asked.

"On an elephant," was the reply.

To Cure a Cold in One Day Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. Price 25c.

Many a man who claims to be a capitalist doesn't work at it.

Wherein the Trees Are Like You.

Do you know that trees breathe very much as you do? The lungs of the tree are more beautiful to look at than human lungs. They are brightly colored and beautiful in shape. They are outside of the tree's body instead of being hidden as your lungs are.

The tree's lungs are the leaves. These leaf-lungs breathe steadily and constantly. Like yours, they take in oxygen from the air, and it is converted into the life-sustaining sap which is the blood of the tree and which circulates through the tree's body just as does your blood.

Unlike your lungs, however, the tree's lungs need sunlight on them in order to work. Therefore, while the leaves breathe in oxygen all day and all night, they do not exhale the waste matter in the night very freely. Consequently there is more carbonic acid in the tree than it can breathe out.

In your body this carbonic acid gas would poison your system and kill you. In the tree it burns up and forms carbon that makes the wood and other material for the growth of the tree.

If you will look at the young branches of birches, cherry trees and poplars, you will see queer little oblong and oval spots that are raised a bit above the surrounding bark. These are all like pores of the human skin, and they, too, take in oxygen.

Often, especially in the spring, you will notice that trees will be dripping wet even though there has been no recent rain. Orchardists will tell you then that the trees are sweating. That is exactly true, and this is how and why they do it.

The leaves of a tree do not merely breathe oxygen in and carbonic acid gas out. They also breathe out watery vapor. This is because the roots of a tree take up a great deal more water than can be used readily in the tree. This water is sucked up into the twigs and leaves.

When they are gorged the sap, which is the product of the digestion of the earthly food and water taken up by the roots, cannot enter these water-gorged parts, and the water must be forced out of the leaves and the pores.

Sometimes the trees have so much water pumped up through them that they cannot get rid of it all in the form of vapor, and it actually drips in drops from the buds and leaves.

In most trees the water is pumped up through the newest layers of the wood. The result is that the wood that is formed during the seasons when the tree needs a great deal of water is always thinner and lighter than the wood that is formed when the tree does not make such great demands.

This will explain how lumbermen can tell, by looking at a felled tree, which parts of its trunk were formed in spring and which in summer. The wood formed in the summer, when the tree needs less food, is always heavier and stronger and often generally darker in color than is the spring wood, when all the tree's pumps were busily at work.

A tree grows in height only by means of new twigs and added wood. If you were to drive a nail into a young tree, say four feet from the ground this autumn it would still be only four feet from the ground in ten years from now or in two hundred years. It would be hidden by new wood that had formed around it, and the tree might be ten times bigger around than it was when you drove the nail. But it would not have moved a single inch in height. The tree has grown in height in all that time only by adding new tops.

Hollow trees often live and flourish and bear fruit. How can they do it?

When a tree first forms a layer of wood, that layer is porous and full of cells. Through these the sap runs freely as through human veins and arteries. The wood is known then as sap wood.

As new layers form year by year around the early ones, these early ones become harder and harder, till finally their cells are all closed up and sap cannot run through them at all. Then this wood is called heart wood. It is practically the bones of the tree.

Now, a tree with heart wood can be killed easily. It is necessary merely to girdle the trunk—that is, cut all around the tree and lift out a big ring of the sap wood. Then the sap, being unable to penetrate the heart wood, and having no way to get through the sap wood, cannot reach the upper parts of the tree and it dies off.

But many trees do not form heart wood. Even their oldest layers remain porous enough to convey a certain amount of sap. Such trees can live for some years after they are girdled.

The hollow trees that still live, are those in which the sap wood remains healthy even after the heart wood has disappeared through one cause or another. They really do not miss it at all, just as a man might live without a good many of his bones, providing he did not have to move around.—Sunny South.

Life's Two Greatest Blessings.

(By Rev. Thomas B. Gregory).

A communication received at this office, says an exchange, asks for an answer to the following question:

"What, in your opinion, is the greatest, wisest, and, in the end, most profitable thing for one to strive after in this world? To put it plainly: What is life's greatest blessing? I wish you would try to answer my question through your columns, for in that way you will help not only myself, but others who may be thinking of the same important subject."

In our opinion there are two "greatest blessings of life"—first, a healthy stomach, and second, a clear conscience.

The man or woman who is fortunate enough to possess these two things has health and happiness, and health and happiness together constitute the greatest blessings that a human being can know in this world.

Health comes first, since whatever we may be potentially, we are primarily animals, and the best definition ever given of an animal is that it is "an organization built up around a stomach."

If the stomach gets out of order everything else gets out of order; if the stomach attends to its functions as nature intended it should, then all is well, and the animal is able to do its work easily and beautifully, like a perfectly adjusted, smooth running machine.

Various peoples have various forms of salutation. Among some of the tribes in "Darkest Africa" the first thing that one tribesman says to another upon meeting him is this:

"How is your stomach?"

Evidently, in the philosophy of those black men the stomach is the most important thing in the world, the "first principle of all things," as the old Greek Thales would put it.

And the black men are about right. If we could get the dyspeptics together from the four quarters of the earth they would vote to a man that the fellows in "Darkest Africa" are absolutely correct.

A good stomach means good health, and good health means a strong, glad, victorious life. To have a good stomach is to be well; and to be well is to be good natured, contented, full of enjoyment, keenly alive to the beauty of the world, open-eyed to everything that is calculated to make one happy.

Of course, it does not follow that the happiness that comes from good digestion is the highest kind of happiness. By no means is it such. The happiness that is purely health-happiness is animal—the happiness that belongs to the healthy dog, or ox, or horse—that and no more.

But we human beings, while primarily animal, are potentially much more than that. Like the dog, ox, horse, we are built up around the stomach, and to the extent of our animality, must depend upon that organ as absolutely as must the other animals; but because we are related to a wider environment than they, we demand and must have a wider satisfaction.

For the purely animal existence it is enough to have the healthy stomach; but for the human existence it is necessary to have the healthy stomach, plus something else.

And that something else is a clear conscience—a conscience that you can go to bed with and sleep soundly all night—a conscience that will enable you to look into the eyes of a pure

woman without blushing—a conscience that will enable you to be brave, confident, fearless, no matter where you may be placed.

The other day I got a letter from an old man in a neighboring State, the substance of which I can make public without doing violence to any of the proprieties of things, since I call no names.

In his letter the old man said to me:

"I am pretty nearly through with the thing we call life. In the natural course of events I have but a little longer to remain upon these 'banks and shoals of time.'"

"I am about to go out into the mysterious men call death. I know not what it is. No man knows. It is a leap in the dark. But I go as cheerfully as I ever went to a feast. Behind the veil there can be nothing that is going to harm me."

"I have always done my duty as it was given me to see that duty. Never, since arriving at the age of discretion, have I ever knowingly done that which was wrong. That is all I know. That is all I care to know."

Fortunately, or unfortunately, as the reader may determine for himself, this old man has never cared much for the "creeds" that have made so much trouble in the world; but by prudence and temperance he has always been well, and by a conscientious devotion to plain and simple duty he has always been at peace with himself and with his fellow-man.

It is no use to attempt to say more. No more can be said. This is the conclusion of the whole matter, the Alpha and the Omega of all wisdom and all philosophy.

The question is answered, and this is the answer: The two greatest blessings of life are a healthy stomach and a clear conscience.

Not the Real Thing.

Congressman Sloop, of Virginia, told a story the other day which he says is an illustration of the retort courteous in a Virginia campaign, says the New York Times.

According to Mr. Sloop there were two spellbinders in a backwoods district named Patrick Cauley and "Old Man" Adams. They were engaged in joint debate and Cauley, a hot-headed Irishman, had spoken pretty plainly his opinion of his opponent and the Democratic party, to which Adams belonged.

When Adams rose to reply, he said slowly:

"The honorable gentleman's speech reminds me of a story about a farmer friend of mine back in the woods. It was in the days when there was a brand of meat known as 'Cincinnati bacon' because it was made in that city. The makers used to press all the grease out of this bacon and then soak it in water so that its appearance was not changed."

"This friend of mine bought a wagon load of it, and a few days later a neighbor asked him how he liked it. 'Well,' said the old man, 'it looks all right and it weighs all right, but when you come right down and try it out by frying there is more fuss and sputter and sizzle and less grease than any doggoned bacon I ever seen.'"

—From a patch of land only thirty feet wide and 200 feet long Mr. Jennings of Portsmouth, N. H., raised 1,700 boxes of strawberries, which sold at an average of 19 cents a box.

AFTER THIS DATE

We Will Not Retail Fertilizers And Acid Phosphate to Any One.

We do this for the reason that we are represented here by Merchants, and it will be much better for all of the retail business to pass through their hands, thereby saving a lot of confusion. We therefore respectfully ask our friends to call on—

OSBORNE & PEARSON,

OR

DEAN & RATLIFF.

Or any other one of our representatives here or any adjacent town. We are represented at every Town in the up-country, and hope to merit your continued liberal patronage.

OUR GOODS ARE FIRST CLASS IN EVERY RESPECT

And the results show that there is none superior in quality.

ANDERSON PHOSPHATE AND OIL CO.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

We offer for sale the following desirable property, situated in this and surrounding Counties. Nearly all of these places have good improvements on them. For full particulars as to terms, location, &c., call at my office.

50 acres, two miles from city, unimproved.	Berry place, Varennes, 87½ acres.
House and Lot, 6 acres, near city limits, very desirable.	437 acres, Pendleton township, 1000 ft. houses and dwelling.
74 acres in Rock Mills township, on Richland Creek, good dwelling.	145 acres, Evergreen place, Savannah township.
Half acre City Lot, front on Main Street, no improvements.	90 acres in Fork township.
1 acre, with new dwelling, in city limits.	150 acres in Savannah township, well timbered, no improvements.
11½ acres, near city limits, cleared, no improvements.	400 acres in Center township, Oconee County, 100 cleared, balance well timbered, well watered, good mill site with ample water power.
200 acres in Fork township, on Tugaloo River, two dwellings.	65 acres in Pickens County.
100 acres in Williamston township, improved, on Beaverdam creek.	174 acres in Hopewell township.
400 acres in Oaklawn township, in Greenville Co., half in cultivation, 5 tenant dwellings, 50 acres of this is in bottom land.	230 acres in Broadway township, improved.
700 acres in Hopewell township, on Six and Twenty Creek, 300 acres in cultivation, 2 good residences, 6 tenant dwellings, 40 acres in bottom land.	230 acres in Fork township, on Seneca River, good dwellings, &c.
91 acres in Garvin township, on Three-and-Twenty Creek, good dwelling, barn, &c.	50 acres in Varennes township, near city limits.
66 acres in Macon Co., N. C., 29 miles above Walhalla, on road to Highlands.	800 acres in Anderson County, on Savannah River.
	96 acres in Lowndesville township, Abbeville County.
	84 acres in Corner township.
	75 acres in Oconee County.
	75 acres in Pickens County.
	152 acres in Rock Mills township, on Seneca River, 2 dwellings.
	700 acres in Fork township.

All the above are desirable Lands, and parties wanting good homes, at low prices, can select from the above and call for further particulars. Now is the time to secure your homes for another year.

JOS. J. FRETWELL,

ANDERSON, S. C.

CHINA.
FINE
FRENCH
CHINA
TEA-SET
BEAUTIFUL
DECORATED.
A VARIETY OF
ODD PIECES
AND
NOVELTIES.
JOHN M. HUBBARD,
JEWELER,
HOTEL BLOCK.

MOVED!

WE have moved our Shop and office below Peoples' Bank, in front of Mr. J. J. Fretwell's Stables. We respectfully ask all our friends that need any Roofing done, or any kind of Repair work, Engine Stacks, Evaporators, or any kind of Tin or Gravel Roofing to call on us, as we are prepared to do it promptly and in best manner. Soliciting your patronage, we are, Respectfully,
BURRIS & DIVVER.

TO THE FARMERS:

WE are better prepared now to give you prompt and good service than ever before. We have installed THREE NEW GINS, making a total of six, in order to give our customers prompt service. You will not lose time by waiting for your Cotton to be ginned, as we can turn out a bale every few minutes. We solicit the patronage of farmers far and near.

EXCELSIOR OIL MILL,
ANDERSON, S. C.

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED

A CAR LOAD OF CORN,

Slightly damaged, and can sell you at 50c. per bushel. Will have a lot of it cracked for hog and chicken feed at same price. See me for—

OLD DOMINION CEMENT,

AND

BEST LIME.

O. D. ANDERSON.

The Foundation Of A Cook's Reputation Is the Shortening She Uses

The quality of your food is all important, as any good cook will tell you. It isn't so much what you eat and how much you eat, but rather, how it is cooked and how easily it digests. Food cooked with lard isn't the right sort of food for any stomach; it is sure to cause trouble sooner or later.

On the contrary, the most delicate stomach can digest the richest sort of food if shortened with Cottolene.

Native Gift from the Sunny South
Cottolene
Starts your food—Lends your life

Cottolene is pure, palatable, nourishing, is made from refined vegetable oil and choice beef suet, and contains nothing but that which is healthful and easily assimilated.

Just throw your prejudice for untried things to the winds and ask your grocer for a pail of Cottolene. If you ever go back to lard, we'll miss our guess.

USE ½ LESS. Cottolene being richer than either lard or cooking butter, one-third less is required.

FREE Send us a two-cent stamp to pay postage and we'll mail you a copy of our book, "Home Made Recipes," edited by Mrs. Rorer, which contains 300 choice recipes from the country's noted cooks.

Made only by
THE N. E. FAIRBANK COMPANY
Dept. 548 Chicago